

MOST'S INCENDIARY SPEECH.

POLICEMEN REPEAT TO THE JURY WHAT THE ANARCHIST SAID.

A Big Crowd of Witnesses for the Prisoner fill the General Sessions Court—A Jury Obtained Without Much Difficulty—The stenographer Who Took Down His Speech Conversant With German.

The resumption of the trial of Herr Johan Most before Judge Cowing, in Part I. of the Court of General Sessions this morning, brought another great crowd of curious people to the brown-stone court-house, but three people out of every four who applied for admission to the court chamber were turned away by the doorkeeper, who had orders to admit no one not connected with the trial as lawyer, witness or reporter.

Notwithstanding all this, there were not seats for all the people who were permitted to enter, for there were fifty men and women who presented subpoenas as witnesses for Herr Most. They had been in attendance at the meeting of Anarchists in Kraemer's Hall, on Saturday evening, Nov. 12, when the speech which is alleged to have been incendiary was uttered by Most. These witnesses for the most part were the marks which distinguish the believers in Anarchism from other people.

There was an utter disregard for appearances in dress, hair and beard, and eyes flashed that hunted expression which has been so frequently described by novelists. The appearance of Herr Most, wearing a red rose in the lapel of his new undercoat, agitated the risibles of those whose sense of the fitness of things was acute.

The jury was called, and consisted of Mr. Jones, of the Volks-Zeitung, Sergius Shevitch, Hugo Vogt and other prominent Socialists were in the audience. MR. GERRY WITH A BLOOD-RED TIE.

Elbridge T. Gerry was present in court till Mrs. Eliza King, a heavy-faced woman who had been twice convicted of committing the murder of her own fourteen-year-old daughter, had been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. Commodore Gerry wore a blue necktie, and the crowd cheered and whistled as he passed.

Joseph Brown, an old and gray-headed man, who had tried to kill his own wife by cutting his throat, was arraigned. He was swathed in bandages and limped to the rail painfully when Judge Cowing directed that he come nearer, adding: "I want to see how a man who is tired of living looks."

"No, your Honor; I don't want to die now. I am glad I am alive." Brown was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary, and the principal clerk of the day was taken up.

There were eleven men in the jury-box for the trial of Herr Most, and fifteen were sworn in for their qualifications for the twelfth man.

Patrick Hall, real estate dealer at 729 East Ninth street, was accepted as took the vacant chair. Mr. Hall said he did not believe in the Anarchists' way. Mr. Howe asked:

"Why, Mr. Hall, you believe in the efforts for the people of Ireland by Gladstone, Parnell and O'Brien, with pants or without them, don't you?" Mr. Hall said yes emphatically, and was accepted.

John M. Howe said that both sides had agreed to excuse the third juror, Benjamin Fox, pawnbroker, at Samuel Worms, dealer in watches at 359 Washington street, was given the seat.

Thomas J. McCall, the liquor dealer, was excused. Mr. Howe wanted to excuse J. H. Morrison, of the Financial Chronicle, because he had said that the Anarchists were a bunch of scoundrels. Mr. Howe said he feared that he would be able to listen to evidence favorable to the defendant with as much equanimity as a jurymen should.

Mr. Howe asked: "Long live the newspaper man, with unlimited privilege against the Anarchists." Thomas J. McCall, a correspondent, followed him.

John L. Tedman, grocer at 330 Spring street, was accepted, and the jury was declared sworn and sworn in by Clerk Hall at 11:58 o'clock.

THE MEN WHO WOULD TRY MOST. The jury which will try Herr Most is composed of the following:

ROYALTY AND THE GAULS.

FRANCE EXCITED BY THE RUMORS OF AN UPRISING.

President Grevy Holds Firm—Men, Women and Boys Marched by the Elysee To-day Shouting and Singing—Report that Count Paris will Enter the Capital at the Head of the French Army.

PARIS, Nov. 23.—The Government deadlock continues. President Grevy announces that he will consult different members of the Chamber until he finds some one who will undertake to form a Cabinet.

M. Ferry and M. Doves, Radicals, visited the Elysee this morning. It is possible that M. Doves may consent to act.

M. Mare, Radical, has also visited President Grevy. He said to-day: "Grevy better go. But the great danger which threatens the Republic comes from Gen. Boulanger and Count Paris."

A meeting of Royalists has been called to-day. The Royalists are mustering in the provinces. There is a rumor to the effect that Gen. Boulanger will be chief of the army, and that Count Paris will enter the capital at the head of the Royalist forces.

This morning men, women and boys, headed by bands, marched around the Elysee waving red flags and singing the popular refrain: "Quelle Malheur d'avoir un Gendre."

The police and military are on guard. MANDEVILLE NAKED IN TULLAMORE. His Only Raiment Now is a Wretched Old Bed-Quilt—His Clothes Taken.

DUBLIN, Nov. 23.—The city is startled to-day by the announcement in the Evening Telegraph that Mr. Mandeville was forcibly stripped of his own clothes last night in his cell in Tullamore prison.

Mr. Mandeville has refused to wear the prison garb since entering the jail, and slept nightly in his own suit. The Telegraph states that in the quiet of the night a gang of warders were led into Mr. Mandeville's cell, and with much violence, stripped him, leaving him naked for the remainder of the night.

The Telegraph adds that it had been the custom of the officials to deprive him each day of his bedclothes lest he should hide down to rest. We have reliable information that Mr. Mandeville has spent the morning packing his cell, denuded of clothes and covered over by the wretched bed-quilt which he has retained.

Mr. Mandeville is Mr. O'Brien's fellow-prisoner. Don Juan's Claims as a Bourbon. (SPECIAL CABLE TO THE WORLD.)

LONDON, Nov. 23.—Don Juan, father of Don Carlos, of Spain, died on Friday at Brighton. Don Carlos claims that by the death of his father he becomes the legitimate King of France, as well as of Spain, by virtue of his place in the Bourbon family.

Arranging for a Pugilistic Paw-Wow. (SPECIAL CABLE TO THE WORLD.) LONDON, Nov. 23.—Sullivan sends word from Manchester that he will meet Mitchell here on Monday next to arrange for a fight to a finish.

M'NEIL AS A SMUGGLER. He Runs Cattle Into Canada at Night, but Has to Drive Them Back. (SPECIAL CABLE TO THE WORLD.)

LOWELL, Mass., Nov. 23.—A lady resident of Clinton, Mass., recently told a friend in this city a story which shows that in his voluntary exile in a country where he is beyond the pale of the law, McNeil, the defaulting Lancaster bank president, has not forgotten his old tricks. It seems that when he first appeared in the place—just over the Canadian line—a year and a half ago, he represented himself as having been removed to Canada on a doctor's advice.

He bought a farm for which he paid about \$4,000, which he asserted was about all the money that he had. He represented to the customs officers that he owned some fine Holstein cattle, which he desired to bring from the States and which he hoped to get across the line without paying duty. He was permitted to do so, and he brought them over, and he hoped that he might be favored to that extent. The customs officer said that he had no discretion in the matter and could not allow him to do so.

A short time afterwards he was sent for by McNeil, who showed him the cattle in his yard and said that he had driven them over from the States in the night. The officer was astonished and said that he had no authority to allow such a thing. McNeil finally persuaded him to let him take the cattle back, and he was driven back, and the next night they were returned to the States and sold at a sacrifice.

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COUNSEL WANT ALL AND MORE, TOO.

French Jumeil Heirs in Danger of Being Ruined by Their Success.

A new branch of the Jumeil estate litigation has just been submitted to Judge Ingraham, in Supreme Court, Special Term.

The estate has been in the courts thirty years. After the death of Mme. Jumeil, in 1865, George Washington Boyne, who claimed to be her illegitimate son, brought suit for a share of the property. Upon his defeat, as well as the defeat of the other claimants, the heirs of Stephen Jumeil, who resided in France, made their appearance and claimed to be the owners of the property.

They employed the Marquis de Chamilly, of Washington, to represent them. He was to receive 47 1/2 per cent. of the money or property recovered, and to pay all the counsel fees and expenses. Among the counsel retained were four United States Senators, viz., the late Matt Carpenter, of Wisconsin, and Messrs. Edmunds, Conkling and Evarts.

The suits were settled in 1880. About \$300,000 worth of property was bought in on account of the interests of the French heirs, then several of the counsel employed by the Marquis began suits to recover their compensation and other counsel fees.

These claims aggregate more than the entire value of the property bought in on account of the French heirs, and if allowed would leave the heirs in debt. The property, in consequence of being heirs to a fortune.

To settle these claims and to have the court decide that the debt should not exceed 47 1/2 per cent. of the property or its proceeds, and for a sale of the real estate and payment to the French heirs of 53 1/2 per cent., Messrs. Boyne and Chamilly have now brought a suit for such purpose. It is this case which has just been submitted to Judge Ingraham.

DRANK HENRIVE FOR COFFEE. The Terrible Mistake Mrs. Stimax Made While Preparing Breakfast. (SPECIAL CABLE TO THE WORLD.)

LONG BEACH, Nov. 23.—For a few hours yesterday it looked as though Christopher Stimax, his wife and two sons were going to die because they drank henbane by mistake for coffee, but this morning it looks as though they might pull through. Mr. Stimax is an engineer. Yesterday afternoon he gathered heads of the henbane plant to make a salad. He assorted them upon the table in the kitchen. Some of the ripper pots burst and out rolled the seeds. They were gathered up and put in a coffee grinder, and a grocery bag and placed upon the cupboard with the stock of groceries.

Mrs. Stimax, when preparing breakfast, grabbed the paper bag containing the henbane seeds, and as they were ripe and perfectly dried she in her haste mistook them for coffee. The entire family drank a portion and in about an hour after this the four members of the family were taken to the hospital.

They all suffered agonies till Dr. Hunt arrived and administered antidotes. The convulsions of Mr. Stimax and his son were horrible. JOCKEY SPELLMAN DEAD. Nothing Yet Discovered of the Manner in Which He Was Injured.

John Spellman, the jockey, died at St. Vincent's Hospital this morning. His death was due to injuries, said to have been received in West Thirtieth street during a row on Tuesday night last week. No report of the affair was made to the police, and the coroner was not called to take an ante-mortem statement. Spellman's death was reported at the Coroner's office this morning and Coroner Levy will investigate the cause of the death.

Spellman's friends have been very careful to hide the scene and occasion of his injuries. Those who have been to the hospital to inquire after him are as reticent as those who took him there. Sergt. Schmittberger and the detectives of the West Thirtieth Street Station are trying to locate the place in Thirtieth street where the accident occurred. They have been up to this morning they had not succeeded in discovering it or getting any strong clue.

Vigorous Warfare by the Grand Trunk. CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—The Grand Trunk, as expected, at once resumed its dented rate last night for the third time to under the other lines, six cents to uphold its claim for a differential. The Grand Trunk was not called to take an ante-mortem statement. Spellman's death was reported at the Coroner's office this morning and Coroner Levy will investigate the cause of the death.

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PANIC IN A FACTORY.

Three Big Iron Chimneys Fall in Elizabethport.

Men and Women Flee in Terror from the Building.

The Iron Smokestacks of the Elizabethport Cordage Works Fall to the Ground, Crushing the Boiler-House and Killing the Place With Smoke—Six Hundred Men and Women Thrown Out of Work.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Nov. 23.—Great excitement prevailed at Elizabethport at 6 o'clock last night over the fall of the three immense iron chimneys of the Elizabethport Cordage Works, a big industry that employs 600 persons, more than one-half of whom are females.

The managers of the establishment have long contemplated substituting brick chimneys for the iron smokestacks, and it was in trying to put this plan into operation that the catastrophe occurred. Several workmen were engaged in lowering the main chimney, which is 65 feet high, when, suddenly, it was observed to sway violently, and then toppled over, breaking in two in its descent.

The chimney in falling struck the iron ropes and supports that held the other two chimneys—each of them sixty feet high—in their position, and the whole three tumbled to the ground with a tremendous crash, smashing the roof of the boiler-house as if it were an egg-shell and filling the yard with a cloud of dust and smoke, while the escaping steam added to the terror of the scene.

It was quite dark at the time, and the frightened employees imagined that the boiler had exploded, and that the buildings were doomed to destruction. A chorus of shrieks went up from the terrified females who ran from their jenny machines into the open air bareheaded and only partly clothed. The men also caught the prevailing panic and fled into the yard and street, many of them in their flight tumbling over the wrecked chimneys in the darkness and sustaining slight bruises.

Several girls were in the dressing-room getting ready to change their clothing when the accident happened. They shrieked wildly and being still in the building, it was thought by their companions outside that they had been killed.

The smoke was so dense for some minutes that it was impossible to tell what damage had been done or what had really happened. A report spread about the lower part of the city that an explosion had taken place at the factory, and that many had been killed and injured. In consequence of this, a big crowd soon gathered at the scene. Lights were quickly procured, and the debris among the ruins for supposed dead bodies of employees. To the joy of the searchers none were found, nor was it learned that any one had been hurt except what bruises were sustained by some in escaping from the place.

The engineer and assistants had escaped from the boiler-house just as the roof was smashed. Some outbuildings in the yard were destroyed by the falling chimneys, and the factory fence was demolished. The escape of the employees is regarded as miraculous, as many of the males were working about the yard at the time.

The place presented a scene of desolation when a World reporter called there to-day. Broken heaps of debris were scattered in all directions. The greater part of the debris was thrown out of work by the accident, and as they receive small wages—\$7 per week—and live from hand to mouth, many of them have been compelled to endure enforced idleness at the opening of winter and the beginning of the holiday season. Work was resumed only Oct. 1, after the annual suspension of three months to make repairs and take account of stock.

The managers of the works said their losses would be heavy, but could not tell exactly how much. The works were also among the victims, losing a leg. Since that time the works have been entirely rebuilt and greatly enlarged, now covering several acres of ground, while much valuable machinery has been saved. The greater part of the packing time used in the United States is made at this establishment.

New York Litigation Reopened in Chicago. (SPECIAL CABLE TO THE WORLD.) CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—The Gas Trust case was dismissed in Judge Horton's court this morning at the cost of the New York litigants. The suit was brought in behalf of the Hoffman estate holding 400 shares and \$100,000 had been paid by the trust for these. The estate holds 1,000 shares of stock of the Chicago Gaslight and Coke Company, and said 500 of the Gas Trust before the Attorney General they found something wrong in the proceedings, and a disclaimer of the remaining share was brought to enjoin the trust from issuing a proposed mortgage and bonds.

Citizen Train Will Come Back. (SPECIAL CABLE TO THE WORLD.) OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 23.—Citizen George Francis Train wired his former private secretary, George P. Bemis, of this city, from Bangor, Me., that he felt sure that his daughter and the children and birds of Madison Square were pulling him back and that he had abandoned the idea of ex-patriation.

Blackburn Did Not Embezzle \$10,000. WAUSAU, Wis., Nov. 23.—James Blackburn, charged with embezzling \$10,000 from the Lake Shore Traffic Company, while superintending the saw-mill lumber interest, was acquitted after seven days' trial.

Telegraphic Brevities. CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—The story that efforts were made to assassinate the body of Augustus Schuyler Black, a prominent Chicago lawyer, after his execution is denied by the authorities.

NORWICH, Conn., Nov. 23.—Albert Hilliard, a postmaster of North Stratford, has sent President Cleveland a magnificent turkey for Thanksgiving.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 23.—A cholera scare is prevailing here on account of the presence of some of the passengers of the steamer Alois, which was quarantined some time ago in New York harbor.

POLLY AND LILY IN JAIL.

THEY FIND JUSTICE DUFFY WORSE THAN THE POISON THEY TOOK.

Chatting Gaily and Even Dancing in the Hospital—Called Grease and Made to Cry by Sharp Words in the Police Court—Held for Trial on a Charge of Trying Suicide—Their Last Stories.

The two girls who posed as would-be suicides at 10 Varick place last night were as lively as crickets when Dr. Moore went his rounds at St. Vincent's Hospital this morning. It turned out that the sugar of lead which they took had lain in the bottle so long that it had lost much of its poisonous strength, though otherwise they took enough to produce fatal results.

Soon after the dreaded stomach pump got in its effective work the girls felt blithe and gay, and were glad that they were in no immediate danger of becoming "damp, moist bodies." They laughed and chatted together after the lights were turned down, and once the nurse caught them dancing on the polished wooden floor of the ward.

They maintained an artless flow of good words till a police officer entered the ward, to the Jefferson Market Court. Then a cloud spread over their faces. They were ready to die, but had not contemplated the possibility of a cold iron cell and the stern face of a police justice.

THE GIRLS IN COURT. The girls proved a great attraction as they stood inside the court railing. Polly White is as pretty as a picture, a rare type of Irish rustic beauty. Big, brown liquid eyes, ruddy, dimpled cheeks, a small rosebud of a mouth, and a luxuriant growth of fine dark hair were only a few of the attractions exposed to view under her Gainsborough hat.

Lily Brinkard, Lily's companion in trouble, is twenty years of age, while the other is only eighteen. She is also good looking, with regular features, clear complexion and fine eyes.

In spite of the love of fun and mischief revealed in all they said and did, the girls looked modest as they were placed at the bar.

Judge Duffy was in rather a bad humor and his language was somewhat harsh. "Look up this way," he thundered, and the girls tried hard to meet the gaze of the policemen and reporters.

"Two gosses," continued the justice, sarcastically. "Took poison in your bedroom and cast yourselves into each other's arms when your sweetest rang the bell! Such monstrous conduct! You ought to be out scrubbing! What did you do it for?"

"Please, sir, we did not want to live any longer," said Polly, with downcast eyes. "From what I hear you are fallen women," continued Justice Duffy, and he looked at the girls with a stern gaze.

Both girls burst into a flood of tears. "It's not true," they sobbed.

"No, your Honor, I don't think that's the case," said Lily, who told the story of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who had stepped corrected the judge on that point, and he said:

"The girls have been misled, it seems. I'll take that back. But I'll commit you both for trial for attempted suicide. The bail is fixed at \$1,000 each."

WHAT THEY SAY FOR THEMSELVES. The girls had not succeeded in checking their tears when a World reporter saw them in the prison. They told their stories in a very straightforward way, but admitted that they had done some fibbing to the police last night. For instance, they did not burn their hair, but before attempting the prospectively fatal act.

"Lily said we had burnt our dresses, hoping that the police would let us stay in the house, and I did not like to contradict her," said Polly, who did not recall a single fact of the reminiscence. The story that Polly had posed as a wire-haired freak in a Browne museum was also apocryphal.

This is the latest and possibly the truest autobiography of the girls. Polly White came from Dundalk, Ireland, twenty months ago. Her mother died when she was eight years old, but she still has her mother's brooch and a ring that she found in Dundalk. From Castle Garden she got a situation as servant with Mr. Joseph Finn, at 69 Seventh street, Hunter's Point. She stayed there five or six months.

Her next place was under Miss Harlan at the Hebrew Orphan Asylum in Harlem. She worked in that institution five months. Then she got employment in a boarding-house kept by Mrs. McKay at Seventeenth street and Sixth avenue. The work was too heavy for her and she remained there only two months. She crossed the river and for four months did general housework in Mr. D'Orsay's family at 24 Second street, Hoboken.

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